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## Mozart's Masses.

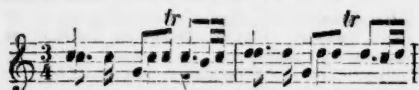
From the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* (Vienna.)

(Continued from page 218).

### B. BEAUTIFUL STYLE.

MASS No. VII. (Comp. 1776).

#### a. *Missa Breves*.



This Mass forms an interesting transition from the first to this second period. It no more belongs, like the preceding ones, to the *worked* Masses, and shows, even in the accompanying violins (see particularly the *Gloria* at "*Qui tollis*"), a freer treatment; youthful fire and genius try to break through everywhere, but are still covered up and mitigated by all sorts of contrapuntal artifices. Thus for example the somewhat gallant and worldly accompaniment of the first violin to the solo "*Qui cum Patre*" has no very disturbing effect, because a sort of contrapuntal damping is produced by the second violin taking up at the same moment the figures just before played by the first violin, making the whole appear less glaring.

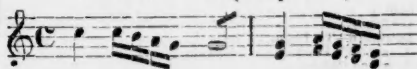
Also the short, but exceedingly expressive "*Crucifixus*," which rests upon a chromatic movement of the bass voice; the "*Sanctus*," not less short, but bearing in itself a certain touch of solemnity; and above all the "*Benedictus*," the grandest which Mozart has written, give proof of a loftier conception and a freer treatment.—The principal theme is borrowed from a *Benedictus* by Reutter, but was used by Mozart only as the bearer of a higher poetic idea, namely to personify, in accordance with the text—as Haydn and others have done in their solemn Masses—Christ's entrance as a godlike *triumphator*, into the hearts of all men that go forth in love to meet him. In this sense the master lets the long, heavy notes of Reutter's theme, strengthened by the whole instrumental accompaniment, alternate continually with lovely, soulful melodies, while at the same time the prescribed *Tempo moderato* in common measure, and the solemn main theme, always repeating itself in measured pauses, produce the impression of a slow and stately triumphal procession.

What a pity, that this admirable *Benedictus* again is so essentially injured in its effect by some sweetish violin figures (measures 30–34, and so on); a way which Mozart has of surprising his admirers more frequently than wisely in this kind of music.

The *Agnus* and the *Dona nobis*, which run together into one, must be counted among the most deep-felt things that ever came forth from his susceptible and loving soul. The very anguish of remorse is painted in the *Miserere*, the most yearning hope for a better future in the *Dona*; a few ravishing violin figures, kept however in the background by the prescribed

*pianissimo*, emerge like a far off ray of hope; the expression of the voice parts rises in continual *crescendo*, until at last they die away in a long drawn note.

#### MASS No. VIII. (Comp. 1776.)



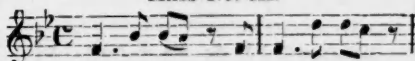
Although originally instrumented with trumpets and drums, this Mass must nevertheless be reckoned among the *Missa breves* of this period, with which it evidently belongs by its concise and compact form. Like its predecessor, it too holds a certain mean between the all too formal one that goes before, and the succeeding one, which here and there is treated in a hyper-genial style; and it shows in the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* a peculiar gentleness and mildness, as well as in the *Hosanna*, which becomes more interesting through the unexpected falling in of the bass voice, a singularly lovely feature.

The *Benedictus* contains a *concertante* Organ solo, such as the older masters sometimes exceptionally held admissible upon this instrument, which they esteemed particularly sacred. Like the analogous one in a small Mass by Joseph Haydn, it is a model of an accompaniment tastefully entwining itself about the vocal parts, so as to bring them out in full relief, instead of covering them up.

In the *Dona*, which at the beginning rivals the preceding *Agnus* in tenderness and depth of feeling, a new theme of uncommon triviality enters at the 17th measure, the disturbing influence of which is aggravated by a noisy *Forte* of the violins moving in commonplace figures, and which suggests anything rather than the solemn close of the Mass apparently intended.

Jahn's remark about Mozart's Piano-forte Sonatas—they show much analogy with the Masses in the inequality of style and various worth of the single numbers—that the final movement is generally the least successful, applies fully here; only exceptionally do we find a *Dona*, which closes the work satisfactorily.

#### MASS No. IX.



If in the preceding numbers the gradual transformation of the complicated contrapuntal forms into softer and more sensuously expressive passages is here and there discernible, in this Mass the *Kyrie* already bears that thoroughly melodious character, and at the same time that transparent clearness and unstudied simplicity, which are so characteristic of those works of Mozart, in which his individuality is fully developed. It consists really of only two leading thoughts, the latter of which develops itself naturally out of the former; and it is only by the fact that these are delivered now by one voice and now by another in *solo*, and now in *tutti*, that unity and variety are effected in the whole.

The same mild, cheerful character is preserv-

ed in the *Gloria*. In the *Laudamus te*, Mozart suddenly leaves all the accompaniment silent, and the voices alone come in a *capella*; which acoustic experiment—and many passages and numbers of his Masses seem like such tentative experiments—may have pleased him, since he introduces it again towards the close of the *Gloria*.

Following the example of the older church composers, who were not shy of using the most trivial street song as the theme for a *Kyrie* or a *Credo*, if it only seemed well suited for working up, Mozart in the present *Credo* has made the attempt to work up an old people's song: "*Bauer häng den Pummerl an*," as a thematic basis:—an attempt, which succeeded in so masterly a manner, that this *Credo* in artistic and ingenious treatment almost rivals that in No. II., as it does that in No. XI. in resistless fire.

The fine *Fughetta* in the *Sanctus*, interesting also through the beautiful use of a simple motive of the violins, now in direct and now in inverse motion, makes us regret, that the limited space did not admit of a larger development.

Mozart seems to have breathed his whole soul into the *Benedictus*. Short as it is, nay monotonous as it is too, yet it surpasses all his other Masses in depth of religious feeling, and in touching, almost sad expression of it, which is heightened by a violin accompaniment, which could not be more discreet and tender.

In powerful contrast with this lovely flower follows the grandest *Agnus* written by Mozart before his *Requiem*. In bold and searching pathos it even surpasses those of Masses No. V. and No. X.

And after an *Agnus* of such high conception and true church-like dignity he has the courage, by a transition of only four eighth notes, to glide over into a *Dona*, which not only by the most decided Rondo form, but also above all by the manifest coquetry, with which he displays his mastery in the exhausting of all conceivable combinations of that form, assumes a wholly profane character. Neither the opera-like recitatives, which occur here and there, nor the foppish embellishments with which each solo voice seeks again to catch its original theme, serve to wipe out this impression.

Hence we can scarcely blame the Imperial chapel (of Vienna), among others, for leaving out this *Dona*, in spite of its excellencies otherwise, and for adapting the *Kyrie* again to the *Dona* text as well as may be.

(To be continued.)

### The Cadenza.

BY E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

(Concluded.)

Lauretta perceived my relation to Teresina with envious heart; but she could not do without me; for notwithstanding her art, she could not study new music without aid; she could not read readily, and was not firm in time. Teresina, on the other hand, read what was laid before her, at sight: and was firm in time. Lau-

retta's caprices, and her violence of temper, made it a difficult thing to accompany her. The accompaniment never suited her: she considered it a necessary evil: she wanted the grand piano not to be heard at all,—*piano pianissimo*,—always to be indulged,—every bar to be played in different time, just as her mind's fancy turned at that particular moment. I now began firmly to oppose these whims. I combated her bad habits; proving to her, that without energy no accompaniment would succeed, and that the *portamento* in singing was very different from a total disregard of all time. Teresina assisted me faithfully. I now composed church music only, giving all the solos to the lower part. Teresina found no little fault with me, but that was a different case; she had more knowledge, and, as I thought, more feeling for the noble German art, than Lauretta.

We traveled throughout the south of Germany. In a small city we met an Italian tenor singer, who was on his way from Milan to Berlin. My ladies were in raptures at this meeting: he remained with them, attaching himself in preference to Teresina; and to my great vexation I was thrown much into the background.

One day, with the score under my arm, I was just going to enter their room; when I heard them in eager and loud conversation with the Tenor. My name was mentioned: I stopped and listened. I understood the Italian language well enough by this time not to lose a word.—Lauretta was just telling of that tragical scene in the concert, when I had cut off her shake by my untimely striking of the chord. "*Asino tedesco*," cried the Tenor. I felt as though I must rush in and throw that flighty theatre hero out of the window, but I restrained myself.—Lauretta went on, saying that she had intended to dismiss me; but that my earnest entreaty had prevailed on her pity to suffer me still to accompany her, in order to study the art of singing with her. To my utter astonishment, Teresina confirmed all this. "He is a good child," she added; "he is now in love with me, and composes only for the Alto. He has some talent, but he has yet to emerge from that stiffness, which belongs to the German character. I hope to educate in him a good composer for me, to write me a few good pieces, so little music being composed for the Alto; and then I shall dismiss him. He is very tiresome, with his constant languishing and caressing; and teases me much with his compositions, which are as yet very miserable." "Well, I have got rid of him, at least," said Lauretta: "you have no idea how that man persecuted me with his airs and duettos: don't you remember, Teresina?"—Lauretta began to sing a duetto which I had composed, and which she used to praise highly. Teresina took up the second part, and both caricatured me in voice and manner most cruelly. The Tenor laughed till the room rang again, while an icy current ran through my veins.

My resolution was irrevocably taken. I went on tiptoe back to my room, which looked out on the post office. I saw the Bamberg mail-coach drive up to be packed. The passengers were standing in the gateway, but I had a full hour's time. I put my things together as quick as I could, magnanimously paid the whole bill, and hurried over to the post office. When I passed the house in front, I saw the ladies still standing at the window with the Tenor, looking out to see the coach go off. I pressed back in the back-ground, and chuckled at the idea of the killing effect which the bitter note that I left for them at the hotel, would produce.

Theodore sipped with great complacency the rest of the ardent Eleatica which Edward had poured out for him. Edward, opening another bottle and skillfully shaking off the drop of oil at the top, said, "I would not have thought Teresina guilty of such malice and falsehood. That beautiful picture of her singing Spanish romances on the prancing steed!"

"That was her point of culmination," rejoined Theodore. "I still remember that strange impression, which the scene made on me. I forgot

my pains: Teresina appeared to me like a superior being. It is but too true, that such moments have a deep influence on life, and that our turn of mind, our destiny, may be formed by them, never again to be changed. If I have ever succeeded in composing a bold romance, Teresina's image most certainly appeared in the moment of its creation clearly and vividly to my mind."

"And yet," said Edward, "let us not slight and forget that skilful Lauretta: let us rather lay aside all old feelings of anger, and empty this glass to the health of both sisters!" They did so. "Oh!" said Theodore, "how the sweet odors of Italy play around me in this wine!—how it pours fresh life through my nerves and veins!—oh, why was I obliged to leave that glorious country so soon!"

"But," said Edward, "I have as yet not discovered any connection with that splendid painting in all you have said hitherto, and thus I believe you have still something to tell of the sisters; for I perceive that the ladies on the painting are Lauretta and Teresina themselves."

"It is so," replied Theodore, "and my longing sighs for that beautiful country may very well introduce the rest of my story. Just before leaving Rome two years ago, I made a little excursion on horseback. I saw a very pretty girl standing at the door of a *locanda* on the road, and fancied it very pleasant to be helped by that pretty child to a draught of noble wine. Stopping before the front door in the alley, through which the sun shed his glowing rays, I heard at a distance singing accompanied by the *Chitarra*. I listened attentively, for the two female voices struck me very singularly, exciting dark recollections, to which I was not able to give any shape. I dismounted, and approached slowly the arbor of grape vines, from which the tones proceeded. The second voice had closed, and the first was singing a cazonetta alone. The nearer I came, however, the more I lost the traces of my recollections; the singer had just begun a florid cadenza; the notes rolled up and down—up and down; at last she held out a long note—but all at once, a female voice broke out in passionate scolding; detestations and curses succeeded each other; one man protests, another laughs. A second female voice mixes in the quarrel, which grows wilder and wilder with all Italian passion! At last I stood before the arbor; and an Abbate, rushing out of it, ran directly against me; he looked round, and I perceived him to be my good Signor Ludovico, my musical news-monger from Rome."

"What is the matter, for heaven's sake?" I cried. "Ah, Signor Maestro! Signor Maestro!" he exclaimed, "save me, protect me from this fury, this crocodile, this tiger, this hyena, this devil of a girl. True, true, I was beating the time to Anfossi's canzonetta, and beat down at the wrong time, in the midst of the cadenza; I cut off her trillo; but why did I look into the sorceress's eyes! the devil may take all the cadenzas!"—With my curiosity thus excited I entered the arbor with the Abbate, and at first sight remembered the two sisters, Lauretta and Teresina.—The former was still scolding violently, while the latter tried to appease her. The host, with his naked arms folded, stood by, looking on with a smile, and the servant girl was putting fresh bottles on the table. As soon as the singers perceived me, they both made towards me, exclaiming, "Ah, Signore Teodoro," and saluted me joyfully. The dispute was forgotten. "Look here," cried Lauretta to the Abbate; "a compositore, graceful like an Italian, powerful like a German!"—Both sisters, constantly interrupting each other, spoke now of the happy days we had lived together; of my deep musical knowledge, even in my youth; of our exercises; of the excellence of my compositions, and so forth. They said they had never liked to sing any thing else but what I had composed; and at last Teresina told me she had been engaged as first singer in the *Opera Seria* during the carnival, but that she should declare she would not sing except in case I was commissioned with the composition of at least one tragic opera; for serious music was what I ex-

celled in, &c. Lauretta said that it would be a pity if I would not follow my inclination for the delicate, sweet—in short for the *Opera buffa*.—She had been engaged as first singer in it; and, that none but myself should compose the Opera in which she was to sing, was matter of course.—You may imagine the curious feelings with which I stood between the two. You will see, however, that Hummel must have seen the company in the arbor, at the moment when the Abbate blundered upon the cadenza of Lauretta, and has painted it in that picture."

"But," said Edward, "did they not mention at all your parting and that bitter note of yours?"

"Not one word," replied Theodore, "nor did I; for I had long ago given up the grudge against them, and considered my whole adventure with the sisters in a humorous light. The only mention I made of it was, to tell the Abbate, that some years ago, I had had a similar misfortune in an air of Anfossi. I condensed my whole stay with the sisters into the tragi-comical scene which I related to the Abbate, and by occasional hints made the sisters feel the advantage which the experience of my latter years in life and art had given me over them. I concluded by saying, 'It is well, after all, that I cut the cadenza short, for the thing seems to be planned to last for ever; and I believe, if I had not interrupted the singer, I should still sit at her piano.' 'And yet, Signor,' replied the Abbate, 'what Maestro dare presume to command a *Prima donna*! and, moreover, your fault was greater than mine; you were in the Concert Saloon. I was in this arbor, a Maestro only in imagination; nobody looked to me; and if the sweet looks of these divine fiery eyes had not dazzled me, I should not have been such an ass.' The last words of the Abbate were soothing, and pacified Lauretta; whose eyes were beginning to sparkle in anger again while the Abbate was speaking."

"We spent the evening together. Fourteen years,—such was the interval between our first meeting and the present,—make great changes. Lauretta had grown much older in appearance, but had not yet lost all her charms. Teresina had preserved her beauty much better, especially her fine figure. They were gaily dressed, and appeared externally altogether as at our first meeting; that is to say, fourteen years younger than they were now. At my request Teresina sang some of those serious songs, which had formerly roused my whole soul; but it seemed to me as though they had sounded differently then; and Lauretta's singing also, although her voice had not lost much either in force or in height, was very different from the recollections of former days which glowed in my heart. This involuntary comparison of the ideal which lived in my own heart, and the reality so far below it, heightened the ill humor which the hypocritical ecstasy of the sisters, and their indelicate admiration (which took the form of protection nevertheless), had created. The droll Abbate, however, who in the sweetest phrases played the part of *Amoroso* to both sisters, and the good glass of wine which we took, restored me at last to good humor; and the evening passed very pleasantly off. The sisters earnestly invited me to visit them the next morning, to arrange at once every thing for the parts which they wanted me to compose for them. I left Rome, however, without seeing them again."

"And yet," said Edward, "you owe to them the awakening of that spring of song which lives within you."

"Certainly," replied Theodore, "and a number of good melodies also; but for that very reason I ought not to have seen them again.—Every composer, no doubt, carries in his mind a mighty impression, which time cannot efface.—The spirit, which lives in the tones, spoke; and that was the word of creation which suddenly awoke the kindred spirit that slept in his bosom; it shone powerfully forth, never to set again. And it is certain, that, thus excited, we think all the melodies which our own inmost heart created, belong to the singer, who threw the first spark into our mind. We hear her, and only write down what she has sung to us. But it is the in-



heritage of our weakness, that we, creeping in the dust, strive to drag the spiritual idea down into those earthly limits. Thus the singer whom we have heard, becomes our beloved—our wife! The charm is broken, and the melody in our heart formerly breaking gloriously forth, turns into mourning over a broken soup-tureen, or an ink-spot in new linen. Happy is that composer, who never in his life sees her again, who first with mysterious power awoke music within him. Let him pine in the tortures and desperation of love; when the fair sorceress has left him, her form will be glorified into a heavenly, brilliant tone; and that tone will live within him in eternal youth and beauty, creating melodies in his heart, which praise her and identify her. For, what else is she, but the highest ideal, which is reflected from our own heart upon the external outward form before us?

"Strange, but plausible," said Edward; and the friends left Taroni's shop.

### Cherubini.

(Continued from page 220).

The concerts of the Conservatory did not, however, spring into life all at once, like Minerva from the head of Jove; they had been preceded by others, and simply constituted the last and culminating point in the development of public concert music in Paris. The *Concerts Spirituels* were established as far back as 1725, by Anne Danican Philidor, a relation of the celebrated composer André Philidor. He was a member of Louis XV's private band, and obtained the privilege of giving concerts at the Tuileries, during the two weeks at Easter, and on grand festivals, when the Opera was closed. These concerts took the name of "*spirituels*," more for the period at which they were given than from the composition of their programmes. After having been under the management of various persons, they came under the hands of Legros, who, in conjunction with Gluck and Piccini, had, since 1771, been improving them, and who obtained the permission of Louis XVI to give them in the Salle des Maréchaux. They were continued till 1791. In the year 1805, the management of the Italian Opera endeavored to resuscitate them, an attempt which was repeated in subsequent years, and in different places with varying success. Under the Restoration, the management of the Grand Opera undertook to give these concerts on a grander scale than ever, but it proved an impossibility to restore their former brilliancy. At last they merged into the *Concerts of the Conservatory*, which, even at the present day, retain, during Easter week, their sacred character. The *Concerts des Amateurs* were founded in 1775, by some high functionaries attached to the court, and the musical direction was confided by them to Gossec, the composer. These concerts are important historically speaking, because it was at one of them, in the year 1779, that a Symphony by J. Haydn, which the Polish violinist Fonteski had taken with him to Paris, was first played in France. In 1786, these concerts made way for the *Concerts de loge Olympique*. The Queen Maria Antoinette patronized them. Through her influence, a room in the Tuileries was granted to hold them in. For them—according to the French—J. Haydn composed the six Symphonies, published among his works as Op. 51, with the title "*Répertoire de la Loge Olympique*;" among them we find however, two, Op. 33, composed at an earlier period. The society was dissolved in the year 1789. In addition to the above, there were the concerts given in the Salle Feydeau from 1796 to 1802; others in the Rue de Cléry, under Grasset's direction, for the first few years of the present century, and new *Concerts d'Amateurs*, at Vauxhall, from 1815 to 1829. The concerts of the *Société des Enfants d'Apollon*, of which society Cherubini was a member, extend back to 1741. The society still exists.

Returning to what Cherubini did as a composer, we find that after 1820, when he supplied two or three pieces for *Blanche de Provence*, he wrote nothing for the opera. It was not until the year 1832, that a few friends induced him to

remodel an opera he had by him. This was the three-act opera *Kongourgi*, which he had composed as far back as 1793, when residing in the country at Guillon, with his friend Louis, the architect. On account of the fearful stupidity of the libretto, it was doomed never to be produced on the stage. As, however, it contained some most charming pieces, a few intimate friends undertook the task of getting chambers to take it once more in hand. Thanks to Auber's mediation, Scribe and Mélesville wrote the composer a new libretto, the subject of which they took from the Arabian Nights. Cherubini accepted the book, but retained very few pieces from the music of *Kongourgi*. He wrote an almost new score, the original manuscript of which contains one thousand pages. Such was the origin of the opera of *Ali Baba, ou les quarante Voleurs*. It was performed for the first time on the 22nd of July, 1833, at the Grand Opera-house. All competent judges were lost in astonishment at the fact of a composer, whose first works bore the date of 1771, being able, sixty years subsequently, to produce another, full of such extraordinary freshness, and such glowing fancy! Cherubini was 73 years of age, but both his head and his heart had remained young, and his latest dramatic production displayed, in conjunction with the maturest knowledge and the most beautiful form, the loveliest blossoms of profound feeling and youthful passion. That the work did not maintain its place in the repertory, was not astonishing, in the case of a public who were intoxicated by the perfumes arising from the flowery path which Rossini and his imitators had compelled the Opera to take.

*Ali Baba* was Cherubini's last dramatic composition. But a man with a mind like his, and with a soul so thoroughly musical, could not remain altogether idle. Several "*Solfeggios*," full of beautiful melodies, date from the latter years of his life, as do, likewise, four Quartets, and a Quintet for stringed instruments, as well as the second "*Requiem*." Although the latter is inferior in elevation of thought, to the first one for four voices, it is still a most important work. It is a three-part composition for male voices. Cherubini wrote it in his 77th year, and intended it for performance at his own funeral. In obedience, however, to the earnest solicitations of those by whom he was surrounded, he allowed the "*Dies Iræ*" from it to be played at the fifth Concert of the Conservatory, on the 19th March, 1837. It was repeated, by desire, on the 24th of the same month. On the 25th March, 1838, the entire work was done in two parts.\*

The last work he wrote, appears to have been a Quintet for stringed instruments. "In the winter of 1838," Fétilis informs us, "he invited a few musicians to his house and laid before them the Quintet which he had just completed. Though the composition was admitted to bear signs of his very advanced age, yet all acknowledged that it was characterized by a freshness of ideas which no person could possibly have believed to be possessed by a man, who stood, so to speak, with one foot already in the grave." In the year 1841, Cherubini resigned his place as Director of the Conservatory. The weakness of old age made rapid strides from that instant, and on the 15th March, 1842, Cherubini breathed his last. His fame and his works will last longer than the monument of bronze, which is to be raised to his memory in his native city, Florence. The best engraving of him is that after the portrait painted by M. Ingres.

The catalogue of his compositions, drawn up by himself, has been published by Bottée de Toulmon, under the title: *Notice des Manuscrits Autographes de la Musique composée par M. Cherubini*, Paris, 1843 (36 pages, 8vo). We can here give simply a brief summary of the various works contained in it, according to their respective kinds:

A.—SACRED MUSIC.—1. Eleven Grand Masses, the scores of five of which are published.—2. Two Masses for the Dead (Requiem).—3. A large number of "Kyrie's," "Gloria's," "Credo's," "San-

tus's," and "Agnus's," which, together, formed five masses for the King's Chapel, and some of which have been published.—4. "Credo," eight voices, with organ accompaniment (the Fugue in it is published in *Theory of Harmony*, by Cherubini, and in that by Fétilis).—5. Two "Dixit's."—6. Four-part "Magnificat," with orchestra.—7. Four-part "Miserere."—8. Four-part "Te Deum."—9. Two Lit-anies.—10. Two two-part "Lamentations," with orchestra.—11. An Oratorio.—12. Thirty-eight Motets, Hymns, etc., with grand and small orchestra.—13. Twenty Anthems, four-part, five-part, and six-part.

B.—PROFANE VOCAL MUSIC.—1. Thirteen Italian Operas.—2. Fifty-nine Italian Aïrs, for various operas.—3. Nine Duets, for various operas.—4. Five Trios and Quartets, for various operas.—5. Seven Choruses and Finales, for various operas.—6. Several Italian Madrigals.—7. Sixteen French Operas (the scores of seven of these operas have not been published, and four were written in conjunction with other composers).—8. A Ballet.—9. Seventeen Vocal Pieces, for French operas.—10. Seventeen Grand Cantatas and *Pièces de Circonstance*, with orchestra.—11. Seventy-seven Italian Notturmos, French Romances, &c.—12. A large number of Canons.—13. A large number of Solfeggios, for one, two, three, and four voices.

C.—INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—1. A Symphony.—2. An Overture, for concerts.—3. Interludes, Marches, and Dances, for orchestra.—4. Fifteen Marches for military bands.—5. Six Quartets, for two violins, alto and violoncello (published).—6. A Quintet.—7. Sonata, for two organs.—8. Six Sonatas, for pianoforte (published).—9. Grand original Fantasia, for piano.—10. Various Solo Pieces, for different instruments.

(To be continued.)

### Barbaja.

(Translated from the German for the City Item).

Domenico Barbaja was a genuine type of the Italian Impresario; that is to say: Director, Prompter, Treasurer, Controller and Royal Commissary, all in one.

The Impresario is a despot, a Soldan, he rules in his Theatre by divine right, and like all legitimate sovereigns obeys no other law than his supreme will, and is only accountable to God and his own conscience for his administration.

He is a man who traffics in "white goods" for his own account and judgment, and acknowledges no right of visitation upon the stage boards; the flag covers his goods, and he defends the former with true American intrepidity.

Domenico Barbaja the First, had in this way held sway in unlimited sovereignty for forty years. He was of medium height, but herculean frame, full breast, shoulders four-cornered, iron hand, rather ordinary head; his features could not be called regular; his eyes, though, were animated with shrewdness and intelligence.

Barbaja first turned up in a Milanese Café as an attendant, and by degrees became Director at once of the Theatres of San Carlo, Della Scala, and the Italian Opera at Vienna; and *de jure* and *de facto* without contradiction, and uncontrolled by his Italian and German audience; the former of whom is known to be the most capricious, as the latter is to be the most difficult to please. While Barbaja was thus sowing by sows amassing his fortune, he likewise expended it in grand style and for magnanimous purposes. He owned a palace in which to lodge his artists, a villa to receive his friends, and gave public festivals for the entertainment of all. He possessed an instinctive genius, not able to write a letter, but with rare discernment to design a subject for a libretto or a composition; with a screeching and unmusical voice, he cultivated nevertheless by his advice the celebrated vocalists of Italy; in his Milanese patois, he could make himself well understood among the Emperors and Kings, with whom, as with an equal power, he had to deal. His obligations were faithfully met, although he would never enter into conditions; always subject to his own discretion. He had the means of munificently rewarding or chastising. If for instance, any city was lavish in the decorations of the stage, or the public showed indulgence to any new artist of rising powers, or the Government subsidies were not stinted, then were city, public and Government received into Barbaja's graces. He then sent them Rubini, Lablache, Pasta, the elite of his troupe. But if, on the other hand, the opposite of this occurred, Barbaja only sent the refuse of his company, his "curs," as he forcibly called them, and tormented the public for the season being; meanwhile receiving the murmurs and hisses with the stoi-

\* Between these was a violin-solo, by Habeneck, played by one of his pupils! (Elwart, *Histoire*, p. 187).

cism of a Roman Emperor at a gladiatorial display in the Amphitheatre.

It was worth seeing the Impresario seated in his stage box opposite to the King, at a first performance; serious, unbiased and unshaken, now with the public, then with the performers. Woe to the artist when making a false note! Barbaja was the first to sacrifice him, with a severity worthy of Brutus, and to thunder forth a *Can de Dio!* at them that shook the whole house; if on the other hand, the public was at fault, Barbaja would twist himself about like a viper, and scream at them: "Ye calves! will you be quiet? You only deserve *canaille!*" Should the King forget to applaud at the proper moment, Barbaja contented himself with shrugging his shoulders and leaving his box in a huff.

Barbaja would entrust no one with the formation of his troupe. His principle was, wherever possible, to engage unknown artists, as a reputation once established can only decline, and more was to be risked with the most celebrated artists than won. Much rather would he seek to cultivate fresh voices, and commence in *anima vili*.

He would proceed, thus:

Riding out some fine May or September morning to the vicinity of Naples, he would leave his carriage and proceed on foot alone, in search of some clear *U-de-poitrine*. If he met with a good-looking, likely peasant, who seemed to possess sufficient distaste of labor for a tenor, he approached him, and in a friendly manner laying his hand on his shoulder, thus entered into conversation with him:

"Well, my friend, labor is tiresome, do you not think? The spade is a little heavy to handle?"

"I was resting, Excellenza."

"Know it! know it! the Neapolitan peasant always rests."

"The heat is stifling, and then the ground is so parched."

"I'll bet you have a fine voice. Nothing in the world revives so much as music; sing me a little song."

"I, Signor! I never sing!"

"So much the better! Your voice will sound all the fresher."

"But you jest."

"No, no; I wish to hear you."

"What will I earn by singing for you?"

"Maybe, if your voice pleases me, you will not need to labor any longer, and I will take you with me."

"As servant?"

"Still better!"

"As cook?"

"Better, I tell you."

"Wherefore then?" The peasant getting suspicious.

"What is that to you? Only sing."

"Shall I sing very loud?"

"With all your might, and above all open your mouth as wide as possible."

If the Unfortunate only possessed a baritone or low tenor voice, the Impresario then turned on his heel, and left him with a homily upon the love of labor and happiness of rural life; but if his day's work had been crowned by the discovery of a real tenor, he took him along, and bade him get his seat on the box.

He never spoiled his artists—that man!

When a young artist came to be engaged: "how much should you have?" asked Barbaja with his curt voice and blunt manner; "50 francs a month are enough to begin with—shoes, clothing, macaroni, what more do you want?—If you become a great artist, then you make me your own conditions, as I do now.—The time will come soon enough.—You have a fine voice, otherwise I would not engage you; you have common sense, that is plain, from your trying to cheat me.—Be of good cheer, friend, money and singing come together; if I give you much money now, you will become careless, drink every day, and in a few weeks, gone would be your fine voice."—With young women his transactions were more brief and to the point.

"My dear child, I shall not give you a sou; on the contrary, you must pay me; I will give you every opportunity to display to the public your natural gifts—you are pretty—if you have talent, you will soon succeed, if you have none, still better. Believe me, you will yet thank me, when you will have gained experience."

This logic was so conclusive, that the young cantatrices accepted engagements at 50 francs a month; but as a rule, it happened, that after the first quarter they were indebted to some usurer for some 600 francs; Barbaja then paid their debts, in order not to see them put in prison, and thus the account was settled.

As to his musical knowledge the following anecdote will testify:—

It was in the depth of winter; a new Opera had been rehearsing; the principal artists, however, unwilling to leave their downy beds, always came too late to the rehearsal. Barbaja, incensed, swore at night, that he would punish the first one to be too late on the spot, in order to make an example, even if it were the *Prima Donna* or *Primo Tenore*. The rehearsal commences, Barbaja steps behind one of the scenes to abuse some machinist or other, when all at once the orchestra comes to a sudden stop.

"What is the matter?" exclaims the Impresario, and walks to the front of the stage.

"Nothing, Signor," answered Violino Primo.

"Something is missing.—Who is it? I will know it!"

"A *Re* is wanting."—(*Re* means king, also the note of D).

"Then he shall be punished!"

Withal, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, Donzelli, Colbran, Pasta, Fodor, Donizetti, Bellini, and even the great Rossini, owe to Barbaja much of their education.

The *chefs d'œuvre* of the ruling artists were composed for Barbaja, and only God knows what trouble, entreaty and artifice it must have cost the poor Impresario, to compel the most independent, careless and happiest of talents that ever graced Italy's sunny clime, to undertake to sing or compose.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Curiosities of Criticism.

No. VII.

#### WAGNER AND THE CRITICS.

My dear Journal,

Is it not conceded by all that Music is the most illimitably licentious of the Arts, and that Opera is the least rule be hampered description of Music? How then can a composer be taken to account for his peculiar conception of musical poetry, with a shadow of excuse on the part of the accuser? Has not Beethoven in his *Missa Solemnis* prayed God to give rest to the departed\* with trumpets and drums? Does not Spohr in his Symphony, the "*Consecration of Tone*," give a shepherd's dance to the *oboe*, that traditionally wailing and grief-associated instrument? I do not object to the expression of dissentient taste in such matters, but why turn the man into ridicule who chooses to do such things? There's the rub! I quote from M. Scudo's remarks upon *Tannhäuser*:

"The Overture to this symbolical drama is well known. . . It is a great body badly built."

So "badly," that the astonishing ingenuity, with which the rules of *form* are respected, has been a fertile theme for the admiration of artists whenever the work has been sufficiently heard to become familiar. Does not the passage



occur twice and only twice, and is it not brought in in the two different keys at different times in the traditionally conventional way, and in fact is not the indispensable swivel-point present in the middle of the overture, from which as it were the composer's pen has as usual retraced its steps to the haven of Tonic "where it would be." Has M. Scudo failed to discover this in his "four hearings"? He says, also:

"The overture in itself is not good; its coloring is dull, its frame-work faulty."

Most assuredly, then, his "four hearings" could not have been sufficient. He proceeds to say that certain other overtures (among which he includes those of *Fidelio* and *Don Giovanni*) "are pieces of instrumental music which bear their signification with them, brilliant and vigorous abridgements, which have no need of a psychological commentary to make them easily understood by all."

\* Are you not in error, Timothy? Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* is not a *Requiem*.—Ed.

Does any student of art need to have the egregious lies herein contained pointed out to him? Are not the primary failures at least of the overtures we have mentioned, (together with the operas to which they were attached) a well-known and established fact in the history of the theatre? What if our critic had been one of that damnatory audience who, for three nights running, condemned *Don Giovanni*; would he alone have perceived its "signification" without any "psychological commentary to make it easily (very easily) understood by all?" It was curious then that they did not seem to do so, Teutons though they were. But *pardonnez*—Ah! perhaps that was the reason! If they had been *Parisians*, then they must have perceived it!

He then goes on to say:

"The second act passes entirely in the grand hall of the Wartburg, where the poet-singers hold their sessions. Elizabeth, the landgrave's niece, who secretly loves the knight Tannhäuser, evokes there the souvenirs of her youth: 'Hail to thee, noble abode!' in a species of recitation which we still know not how to characterize. It is not an air, it is not one of those beautiful tragic recitations such as there are in *Don Juan*, in *Fidelio*, in the *Freschütz*, in the *Vestale*, and in the master-works of Gluck, who almost created this intermediate form between pure and developed song and the noted declamation of Lulli and Rameau."

Then, according to the confession of M. Scudo himself, Wagner invented a new "species of recitation"; yet if the part of which he speaks had been like some of those he mentions, he would then have pounced down upon him as being a "copyist," most undoubtedly! It is hard to please this critic, for if one came unto him neither eating nor drinking, he would say "he hath a devil"; and if he should happen to eat and drink, he would exclaim, as did the Jew of old: "behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners"! Would he not?

The celebrated March in *Tannhäuser*, it seems, was actually applauded in Paris; but our critic cannot even chronicle this, without a separate and distinct thrust at the composer for thus "being unfaithful to his own doctrines," which, to believe M. Scudo, would seem to consist of a necessitated cacophony, a total discord, and tonal confusion. He says:

"Of two things one: If Herr Wagner is right as a theorist and initiator of a new music, he has been unfaithful to his own doctrines in the march and chorus just referred to, which are conceived and treated according to the known rules of art; but we are not duped by the subtleties of impotent vanity."

Thus intimating, I suppose, that the overture, and all the rest, are not "treated according to the known rules of art"! A monstrous libel; otherwise how can the man's works have become the subject of such learned controversy among the highest in the profession, all over musical Christendom? Do the professors at the Leipzig and Parisian Conservatories generally trouble themselves in dissecting the works of uneducated charlatans who do not even obey the "known rules of art"? Would the Chorleys, Davisons and Glovers of the English Art Journals write volumes in the aggregate about a beginner or a dunce?

Would the Emperor Napoleon (under whose immediate patronage this work was produced in Paris), and M. Calzado, be likely to become the "dupes of the subtleties of the impotent vanity" of a man so insignificant as Richard Wagner? I sincerely hope, since M. Scudo pats himself so patronizingly upon the back, in his Pharisaic self-congratulation that he is not so to be "duped," that his own vanity may not eventually produce the same effect upon his gorgeous self!

Observe, gentle reader, how this visionary contradicts himself. He in one place says:

"We have undertaken, (and this often happens to us), to plead the cause of Wagner, and not to go away from his point of view, but to judge the result of his efforts according to his own doctrines."

He trust - ed in God that he would de - liv - er him, let him de-  
 - light..... in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de-  
 God, he trust - ed in God, let him de - liv - er him, if he de-

let him de-liv - er him, He trusted in God that he...  
 - liv - er him if he de - light in him, if he de - light..... in.. him,  
 - light in him, if he de - light in him, He trust - ed in God, He trusted in God, let him de-  
 - light in him, if he de - light in him,

..... would de - liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in  
 let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light in  
 - liv - er him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light in  
 let him de-



him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, He trust-ed in God that he...

him, let him de-liv-er him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, He trust-ed in God that he...

him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, He trust-ed in God that he...

him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, He trust-ed in God that he...

8va.

if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him, He trust-ed in God, let him de-liv-er him, if he de-light in him, let him de-liv-er him; He trust-ed in God, let him de-liv-er him; He trust-ed in God, let him de-liv-er him; He trust-ed in God, that he...

let him de-

- liv - er him, if he de - light. .... in

- liv - er him, if he de - light. .... in

- would de - liv - er him, .... let him de - liv - er him, .... if he delight in

8

- liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him,

him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in

him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light. ... in

him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in

He trust - ed in God that he would de - liv - er him, let him de -

him, He trust - ed in God, let him de - liv - - er him, if he de - light. ....

him if he de - light. ....

him, if he de - light. .... in him, if he de -

- liv - er him, if he de - light in him,  
 in him, let him de - liv - er him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de -  
 light in him, let him de - liv - er him,  
 light. in him, let him de - liv - er him,

if he de - light in him, if he de - light light. in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light  
 He trust - ed in God that he would de -

8 Pedals.

## ADAGIO.

in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him,  
 in him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him.  
 in him, let him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him.  
 liv - er him, let him, let him de - liv - er him, if he de - light in him.

## ADAGIO.

Ped



So it has often happened to him that he has undertaken to "plead the cause of Wagner?" Very good; now read a little further on: "The fall of this *bad work* appeared to us to be irrevocable. We think we have a right to rejoice over an event, which we foresaw and ardently desired. For ten years we have combated the fatal doctrines propagated by Wagner and his partisans."

Is this less than monstrous? Does not one find it difficult to reconcile these two extracts from this profound criticism? What a "short metro" manner this is in which to treat a great and colossal æsthetic creation! What an encouragement to incipient genius! What a healing balm of oil and wine to pour into the lacerations of poor, toiling, persevering, unflinching, courageous, but (at one time, and not so very long ago) starving Wagner!

Thus it is, but must it so be with the burning lights in progressive art? And have the critics—even in this age of enlightenment—yet to learn, that music cannot be properly judged while it is new, and that like certain wines, it can only be properly enjoyed after years of acquaintance? With the innumerable instances on record of the utter non-success at first of new works in all departments of creative productions, can it be possible that men are yet found, men of education, intelligence and of historical knowledge, who permit themselves in their writings so entirely to ignore all historical precedents, and who so insultingly throw buckets-full of corrupt literary dish-water, under the guise of "criticism," in the very face of one who at the very least is a great artist?

I hope as an offset to the above to give some quotations from Wagner himself in my next, in which I shall appeal to the ears, eyes, and hearts of all unbiased and soulful readers, and thus beg for a little more of their indulgent attention.

TIMOTHY TRILL.

### Boieldieu.

Adrien François Boieldieu was born at Rouen, in December, 1775. His parents were in humble circumstances, and could ill afford to give their son the education which the decidedly literary bent of his mind seemed to demand. He struggled through many difficulties, and sensibility and good taste soon procured him friends.

It was an organist in his native town, named Broche, who first initiated Boieldieu in the art which he has since so much honored. He made rapid progress, but found little favor in the eyes of his master, M. Broche, who, being much addicted to inebriety, considered inebriation necessary to a musical education. Boieldieu was the only one of his pupils who did not seem anxious to follow his example or precept touching the above-mentioned necessary accompaniment, and was pronounced to be fit for nothing but blowing the bellows, although the world gave him credit for playing as well as his master.

Boieldieu was scarcely eighteen years of age when he wrote an opera in one act. It was brought out at the theatre in Rouen, and proved successful beyond all expectation. Representation succeeded representation, all Normandy crowded to see it, and the popularity of Boieldieu was, to all appearance, established. M. Broche now remembered that he had predicted the greatness of his pupil from the first time he saw him.

Shortly after this, Boieldieu went to Paris, determined to submit his maiden production to the judgment of severer critics than those of his native town. He was particularly recommended to Cherubini, Mehul and Kreutzer, and Jadin, who were the acknowledged judges of the day. They invited the young artist to one of their weekly dinners, and consented to pronounce judgment on his performance as a piano-forte player. He arrived at the house with a beating heart, agitated alternately by hope and fear; he found himself in the presence of the dread critics who held his fate in their hands. He was requested to take his place at the instrument: he moved across the room more dead than alive, and with a shaking hand touched the notes. He performed in his best style, but the judges would not smile: they declared that the false notes were innumerable. During dinner no one referred to what had passed.

Little did those umpires think that he whom they

had treated almost with disdain, would die, in 1834, covered with glory, and regretted by the civilized world:—that under the sublime cupola of the Invalides, 10,000 people would pass round his bier, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of him who had afforded them so much pleasure—who had delighted half the civilized people in Europe.

Boieldieu knocked in vain at the doors of the Paris theatres for some time after his ungracious condemnation by the four favorites of the day. In despair he folded up his manuscript, and began to consider how he should provide against the crisis of destitution fast approaching. His hour was not yet come, but it did come—and come it will to every man of sensibility and talent, who possesses health, perseverance, and patience. He procured an introduction to the saloons of M. Erard, where he met some men of letters, who gave him the words of a number of romances, and he found Garat there, who was kind enough to sing them. These romances had an unheard-of success; every one was in raptures with the music, and the composer was sought by all the people of taste and fashion.

Immediately after these romances, Boieldieu published a number of concertos, waltzes, marches, duos, &c., for the piano, harp, and violin, which were received with equal favor by the public. At this time Garat, by choosing him for his accompanist, contributed much to bring him into notice.

Boieldieu now found himself in easy circumstances: fortune smiled on him, and he summoned up sufficient courage to undertake the composition of an opera in three acts, called "Zoraime and Zulnare," which did not succeed. This new misfortune did not discourage the young composer. He now had, at least, the means of subsistence secured to him, and he determined to push his fortune. In 1797, he commenced his career of triumph. His productions followed each other in rapid succession. *La Famille Suisse*, and *Montreuil et Verville* appeared in the same year; they were succeeded by "Zoraime and Zulnare," which proved successful this time. *La Dot de Suzette*, *Les Méprises Espagnoles*, *Le Calife de Bagdad* and *Benioski*, were represented, for the first time in 1800. At the same period, the National Convention passed a decree establishing the Conservatoire de Musique; the number of pupils was fixed at 600, and the professors at 115. Boieldieu was appointed one of the professors. Zimmerman and the two Chamcourtois were his pupils.

Boieldieu married a danseuse of the Opera, named Clotilde, and the union proving unhappy, he accepted an offer of the Emperor Alexander to make him director of the choir of the Imperial chapel at St. Petersburg. During his long stay in Russia, he composed a number of operas, among which *Jean de Paris*, (an opera comique) full of melody and action, and pieces of music, amongst others *Télémaque*, which is considered his *chef d'œuvre*. He returned to Paris in 1811, and political events obliged him to remain there. He made several attempts to get his wife divorced, but could not succeed. Napoleon was angry with Boieldieu for some reason or other, and it was to him that his want of success was attributed. After his return to France his productions appeared as rapidly as before. *La Dame Blanche* must be familiar to every one. The composer had attained his fiftieth year when it appeared. This opera has made the circuit of both hemispheres, and the music continues to be as much sought after as in the days it was first published. Such was the height to which his reputation rose, that a medal was struck at Rouen in honor of him.

Some time before his decease, the great composer had been complaining, and was not able to undertake any work of consequence. He was obliged to relinquish an opera which he meant as his farewell to the world. For many months he had been confined to his room, and after long and painful sufferings, he expired at his house at Jarey, on the 10th of October, surrounded by sorrowing relations and friends.

### Gloucester Musical Festival.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth of the musical festivals which alternately take place at Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, began this year on Tuesday, the 9th ult., at the first-mentioned city. It is almost needless to say that these great meetings are purely charitable in object—that object being the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses.

The novel feature of performing an oratorio on the same day as the opening service was not a profitable device on the part of the stewards. The sale of tickets scarcely reached 900, and the paucity of the visitors presented a marked contrast to the thronged aspect of the cathedral a short time before. The

Creation, however, was magnificently given. The solos, sung by Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss, fulfilled every desire. Mlle. Titiens acquitted herself, as she seldom fails to do, to admiration. Her delivery of Haydn's attractive music gratified the most critical expectation, and exhibited the full perfection of which the art is capable. The minor vocal parts were allotted to Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn, who were extremely efficient. The lady is yet a novice, though of considerable promise. The choruses were given broadly and vigorously. The subsequent evening concert in the Shire Hall was attended better than the first of the miscellaneous concerts usually is. The programme was as inviting as it was various.—It opened with Meyerbeer's international overture—which, however, was very indifferently executed—followed by selections from *Acis and Galatea*, and a copious list of separate vocalities by Balfe, Verdi, Donizetti, Bishop, and other composers, there being no novelty, excepting a very pretty song by Mr. Howard Glover, "They offer rank," written expressly for Mlle. Titiens, who, it is unnecessary to remark, rendered it the amplest justice. Verdi's cantata, performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, was also an ingredient in the scheme. The singers, besides Mlle. Titiens, were Mlle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Winn, Signor Bossi, and Mr. Montem Smith. M. Sainton was also present as a contributor to his popular fantasia on Scotch airs. The attendance of visitors on Wednesday morning at the cathedral, when *Elijah* was performed, was manifestly an improvement upon that of the day before, when the *Creation* was given. Mendelssohn's great work was listened to with peculiar interest—the interest that never fails to be awakened when hearing it in a cathedral edifice. Praise may be awarded generally to the performance. The principal soprano music fell to the lot of Mlle. Titiens, whose declamation of the majestic "Hear ye Israel" was faultless. The well known trio, "Lift thine eyes," was another of the remarkable events of the morning. Mlle. Titiens, Madame Laura Baxter, and Madame Sainton-Dolby being the exponents. That most consolatory, and at the same time fascinating, of airs, "Oh rest in the Lord," was given by Madame Sainton-Dolby in her usual earnest and impressive manner. The oratorio, throughout as regarded the principals, was exceedingly well rendered. The double quartet in the first part, "For He shall give his angels," was unexceptional; while the episode of the widow and the prophet, the discomfiture of the Baalite priests, and the supplications for rain were developed with masterly care and effect. The principal singers, in addition to those we have mentioned, were Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Weiss—the last mentioned vocalist distinguishing himself very honorably, as usual, in the part of the prophet. The choruses were not sung wholly without flaw, and one of the finest in the oratorio, it may be mentioned, was sadly interfered with by the retreating feet of the luncheon seekers, the noise of which was unseemly and inopportune.

The second evening contained a choicer selection than the first. The first part was confined to Mozart, the *Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo*, *Figaro*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Seraglio* and comprised a series of gems, most of which were as familiar to the hearer as "household words." It is needless to say that Mlle. Parepa sang the beautiful air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" charmingly; and that "Crudel perche," in the hands of Mlle. Titiens and Signor Bossi, was admirable. Among the best incidents of the Mozartean selection were the "Deh per questo," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves; the "Che pur aspro," by Mlle. Titiens; and the "Placido e il mar," by Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn. The "Exhibition Ode" of Dr. Sterndale Bennett was the leading event of the second section of the scheme; but it seems to be the fate of this fine work to be seldom executed as it should be. The delivery at Gloucester was no exception to the unfortunate rule. To this succeeded Lake's pretty aria, "Summer is sweet," which Mr. Sims Reeves gave so thoroughly to the satisfaction of the audience as to render a repeat inevitable, notwithstanding the official edict against encores. Auber's song, "Le serment," by Mlle. Parepa, just as brilliantly as she has sung it times out of number in London; and with Mr. Weiss's version of Schubert's "Wanderer" the London amateur is equally familiar. The remainder of the programme consisted of *morceaux*, all more or less known, sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Titiens, and others. The special contributions of the band were the overtures to the *Zauberflöte* and *Der Freischütz*, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but neither they nor the accompaniments to the vocalists were well given.

The performances in the cathedral of Thursday morning were the "Lobgesang" of Mendelssohn, and an abridged edition of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. The hymn was rendered admirably, Mlle. Parepa and Mr. Montem Smith being the principal vocalists, and both extremely effective. The chorus singers exerted themselves with signal ability; while the symphony which precedes the work, one of Mendelssohn's greatest orchestral triumphs, has seldom been more closely and intelligently performed, even in the metropolis. The quotations from the *Judas Maccabeus* will be easily guessed by a reference to the score of the oratorio. All the most popular pieces were, of course, retained. It is sufficient to say that Mlle. Titiens in "Pious orgies" and "From mighty kings;" Mr. Sims Reeves in "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," and "How vain is man;" and Mr. Weiss in "Arm, arm, ye brave," were grandly successful; while the other vocalists, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Madame Laura Baxter, and Mr. Montem Smith, were at least careful, and in some instances especially praiseworthy. The choruses were delivered with tolerable steadiness, though, here and there, there might have been superior precision and more picturesque contrast. It may be mentioned that the oratorio was performed without the additional accompaniments written either by Costa or Perry. Handel, in fact was represented in all his orchestral purity, though, in this case, hardly to the advantage that is experienced in Exeter Hall. The third of the evening concerts at the Shire Hall attracted a large audience, Benedict's *Undine*, given entire, occupied nearly the whole of the first part.—The composer was fortunate in his solo executants, for they were Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. The cantata in other respects was not at times so well interpreted as it might have been, but, upon the whole, there was not much to find fault with. The miscellaneous pieces comprised a variety of operatic extracts, mingled with popular songs and ballads, in which all the principal vocalists were concerned, much to the delight of the auditory; and the concert terminated with a vigorous delivery of the National Anthem. The musical portion of the festival came to a conclusion on Friday morning, with the performance, in the Cathedral of Handel's *Messiah*.—Upwards of 2500 persons were present, and the oratorio thus exercised its old influence, which, happily, seems never destined to be distributed. The proceeding of the week came to a final close with a grand dress ball at the Shire Hall.

#### Mendelssohn—A Minority Report.

MR. EDITOR.

The following remarks by M. Franz, the Berlin Correspondent of the "*Revue Germanique*," on Mendelssohn, though a few months old, may be as interesting to other readers of your valuable journal as they have been to me, especially to those who have been reading in it the translation of the Mendelssohn letters. However just or unjust his opinion may seem to the admirers of Mendelssohn, there can be no umbrage taken, for there is enough cleverness in his remarks to give him a right to differ, and then moreover, if Mendelssohn be really one of the "Anointed," severe criticism will only serve to make his greatness more visible.

"The Germans treat music as a State affair" Spontini said;—and he was right. In no other country, I think, do they attach as much importance and bring as much serious reflection to bear on a musical execution; in no other place are musicians valued so highly, no where else so well informed and cultivated, so independent and ardently interested as well as humbly devoted to their art; all the various systems, prejudices, envy and even unworthiness, which swarm here as elsewhere, cannot reverse this assertion. Elsewhere music is a diversion, a trade; here it is a study, a religion, and if the artist is, in Germany, more exposed to invectives, comes in collision oftener with the crowd, it is because he forms an essential part of public life; it is because the people occupy themselves more with him.

The execution of the 5th Symphony and of the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven, that of the *Mass* in A minor of Bach, the first representation of the *Lohengrin* of Wagner, have been the events of which

people still talk at Berlin: one might say that music is the spiritual vine which pours over the ears an invisible draught reanimating and vivifying a whole people.

Since my last letter we have had the Commemoration of Mendelssohn, which was celebrated by a concert composed exclusively of works by the celebrated artist: a Cantata, a Psalm, the *finale* of *Loreley*, a fragment from *Oedipus*, a concert air, a prelude and a fugue, some fragments from "Midsummer Nights' Dream." This consecutive execution of different works is a fiery proof for an author, and I know only Beethoven and one contemporary composer who could sustain it victoriously. Whatever there may be that is artificial in the composition reveals itself pitilessly. That which seems an originality in an isolated work, appears as a stereotyped manner or as a knack, and we soon find out whether we have to deal with a high priest of art or simply with one of its clever advocates. We recognize in a word, not if the artist in the interpretation of his subject has treated it *objectively* (an accessory merit too much boasted of, as that of impartiality in a historian) but if he is one of those powerful individualities who see, hear, walk and express themselves entirely different from ourselves, who are moved by an intense sentiment always, whether they laugh or groan, whether they dream or act; like the eagle who soaring above a lake or beating against the rocks seems always to us in pursuit of the sun.

Mendelssohn was not one of these individualities; this concert, which produced a monotonous impression, has proved it to me: there was excellent *notation* (I use this word, for want of a better, meaning nothing contemptuous) which gave pleasure, like a beautiful garden walk well laid out and well raked; it was not fine music.

"Vers parfaits, pas de poesie" (Perfect verse, not much poetry) has been said of certain works not very common; this just expression came to my memory while I was listening to these compositions which, entirely perfect, admirable, excellent as they are, do not correspond with the sense which I attach to the word music—a mysterious and indefinable sense, in which is mingled passion, prayer, suffering, benediction, struggle, resignation and ecstasy. The reflections with which this Concert inspired me have been corroborated by the reading of the Mendelssohn Letters, a recent publication, the success of which has been undisputed. Full of nature, more vivid in expressions than in impressions, simple in gay and grave things, these letters bear on each page the stamp of an upright and candid soul and denote a strong, active and certain mind; I have sought daintily in them for the furrow which profound and ardent thought traces; no passion, no suffering, no struggle; he composes in the morning, goes out at mid-day, visits the most distinguished persons, who receive him with esteem and cordiality, traverses Italy without bringing any bias from any place, allows himself to be struck with the beauties, and all without vowing himself to God or selling himself to the devil; he improvises, he observes, he admires, he criticizes; he sparkles, but he never bursts into a flame.

I account for this success which this book has met with by remembering the pleasure most persons feel in assuring themselves that distinguished men do not differ so much from themselves; and besides, if I had not thought that these letters came from an illustrious musician and a musician [of twenty two years, I should have given myself up without reserve to the charm of the sincere ingenuousness, honest-heartedness, which while it does not expend to actual kindness, attains to cordiality. I should have taken pleasure also in the simple recitals where he speaks of himself with a reserve directed by good taste and dignity to his succinct and agreeable descriptions; I should have followed him freely to the home of the old Goethe, where he played the Symphony in A minor of Beethoven and did not appear to take much pleasure in it; then in the studio of Vernet, whom he depicts with grace; and across Italy, which he liked less than Switzerland; also as far as Paris, where while he amused himself he regretted London.

That which is very characteristic is, that, having already composed the "Midsummer Nights Dream," and the "Walpurgis Night," his Concerto for the piano, his Symphony in E $\flat$ , he implores counsel and criticism with an unaffected modesty more respectable than sympathetic, and he begs his sister to send him some poetry to be set to music; sad or gay, no matter which, he wishes to compose; and he is not subject to sudden fits of humor, he knows neither exuberant joy nor heart-broken sadness, he works me-

thodically. For men he experiences neither love, nor pity, nor contempt, he accommodates himself to them so long as they do not disturb him; only for his family do we feel his heart beat more quickly; we see that he bore for his father one of those holy affections which became virtues from the sacrifices and submissions which they command, and he had for his sisters a sweet and frank tenderness, which clothed itself in charming forms."

I cannot leave this hasty translation without a few words. "In our Father's house are many mansions" may without irreverence be applied to the great Cathedral of Art. Branching aisles and exquisite side chapels are there to be found, that each sweet saint may have its proper place of honor. There is the sober alcove for the honest, hard working inferior Saint, the gay colored niche for the brilliant erratic artist, and the grand High Altar bearing the statues of the great Geniuses who possessed all the steadiness, purity and earnestness of the one and the glowing, sparkling light of the other.

Montegut says there are three divine messengers who visit man, religion, love and the spirit of music. Some blessed mortals receive the visit of all three; to some others only one or two of these dear angels come, and there are unhappy beings whose dark dull souls are never lightened by the presence of either. And there is a fourth angel who however, comes to all, an angel as quieting as religion, as clinging as love, as soothing as music; he is serious, sad and sweet, and his name is Death!

To the artist—the gifted mortal—there comes also sometimes, alas, a fifth visitor, who may be as divine as either of the others, God only knows! but he leaves fearful marks behind him on the soul and mind; dread doubts, the anguish of temptation, and the still keener agony of remorse, a sorrowful loss of that Holy Grail the Ideal, and a yearning for that Peace which is never found in this life, only the instinct and the longing for it known: these are the evidences of his sad visit.

Mendelssohn seemed to have received placidly all these visitants but the last and the want of this last deprives his compositions to many ears of that tone of rich sad purple, which is never found in them. His sadness is, it must be confessed, a little monotonous rather than profound, and his cheerfulness never bubbling over nor buoyant. While listening to his Tone language, "our natures are never cloven as with the shaft of Beethoven" nor lifted on high and mighty wings as in that "lark's song at heaven's high gate" of Mozart. But for this, must his beautiful side-chapel built and decorated so tenderly by his admirers be demolished? There are many calm, happy mortals whose lives are also sweetly delivered from the visit of the dread fifth angel, whose knowledge of sorrow is as vague and dreamy as was Mendelssohn's. To their ears, his music will be the truest Tone tongue, and up the peaceful morning aisle leading to his sanctuary will they flock like young spring birds to listen to him. A. M. H. B.

Bridgeton, N. J., October 11, 1862.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "*Messiah*."

#### Gottschalk's Concerts.

This famous pianist has now (at the time we write) fulfilled his original announcement of three Concerts (Saturday and Monday evenings and Wednesday afternoon), in the Messrs. Chickering's saloon; and two more are announced, at



a more popular price, in a larger hall, the Melodeon. The last will occur *this evening*; and we think no one who has not heard him should omit the opportunity; those who have, do not need our advice.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK has no reason *this time* to complain of his reception, or of his success, at least so far as numerous audience and applause go, still on the *crescendo*. In that kind of applause which a real artist values most, and which in many, perhaps the majority of cases has to comfort the real artist in the lack of crowds and fashionable admiration, we think he has gained considerably. The tone of the concerts, *as a whole*, has been more artistic than it was upon his former visit here nine years ago; this we may say almost without reserve (dropping the comparative and adopting the positive degree) of the First Part of his *Matinée* on Wednesday. Yet the true music-lover must regret things positively unartistic in each programme and performance, and wonder that such rare executive ability, not ungraced with certain *finer* qualities, should expend so much of itself upon things not seriously worth the doing.

Mr. Gottschalk's genius, if he have any, is specifically that of playing the Piano. He is first of all and mainly a pianist. All that he does begins with the Piano; if he invent, if he compose, the inspiration seems to come from that instrument, that is to say, from that perfectly easy master relationship which he has established between himself and it. The willingness of the instrument, under hands that seem to have been so made for it, would almost suffice (under ordinary conditions of musical temperament, feeling, sense of fitness) for such crop of tone-flowers as he brings before us. He has certainly a most rare power of bringing out the tone, all the best qualities of that often disparaged, but really noble instrument. (And this time he had an instrument, a new one, upon a scale invented by Mr. C. F. Chickering, worthy of him or any artist; tones more rich, more sweet, more brilliant, more purely musical we never heard in a piano). He may be said to ride the Piano as the Centaur did the nether continuation of himself; whether the piano has grown up into him, or he has extended himself thus downward, we will leave an open question. His mastery of that instrument, his identification of his own will with it, is the great wonder in him; this is what strikes his audience first and last; for whatever there may be pleasing in his little compositions, it remains to be seen how long the charm, the novelty will last; but his handling of the instrument, the tone, the sonorous effects he gets from it, these are always new. And here is certainly a genuine individuality, which is not to be despised, and which may imply perhaps a deeper talent than we dream of; if so, it will be quite sure to assert itself triumphantly in time; it is not the fault of the earnest lover of Mozart and Beethoven if *so far* he finds its results mostly trivial. And if his talent be assumed to be one of the very highest, as his eulogists have claimed for it, then certainly the question is inevitable, why does it not devote itself to highest ends in Art? Why does he for the most part make a plaything of his instrument, his hands, his brain too, to revert to our Centaur simile?

Mr. Gottschalk's touch is the most remarkable we ever heard; in power, in fineness, in free vibratory

singing quality it leaves nothing to be desired. His chords are struck with perfect precision and simultaneousness, always crisp and ringing; and he has a peculiar art sometimes, as in the opening chords of his transcription of Verdi's *Miserere*, of liberating one tone of the chord so that it swells out long and bell like, with a charm resembling that of the *harmonic* tones, only without their seeming remoteness. This effect was due in great part, we presume, to the rare instrument, but can be feebly produced on any Grand Piano. Nor can anything surpass the liquid evenness and graceful shading of his runs, arpeggios, &c., nor the startling force and vivid outline of some of his sudden *fortissimos*—lightnings in the upper octaves, thunder claps in the bass. But above all it is the beauty of his tone and touch in singing passages, in the *Cantilena*, that wins the best tributes of his audience. This is full of delicate expression. There is great clearness in it, so that no ear can miss a point of it. And in this respect, as well as in a certain pretty conceit of idea, the most satisfactory things in his programmes have been such little ballad-like pieces as the *Pastorella e Cavaliere*, and above all the *Berceuse*, in which distinct voices are clearly outlined against a happily chosen, simple, clear accompanying figure. There is not much in these little compositions, but what there is is genuine, individual, the thought just completely expressed, and all the better for their simplicity.

Since we have begun, we may as well recall here our impressions of all these compositions. "*La Jeunesse*" is a sparkling, graceful Mazourka, rather reflecting the Chopin style. A "*Marche Solennelle*," we think he calls it, played for an encore, seemed worthy of its name, and to our feeling, was more interesting than the "*Marche Funèbre*," "*Last Hope*," hardly justified its title of "*Religious Meditation*;" there were jack o'lantern freaks in it. "*Eolian Murmurs*" could scarcely pass for more than a show piece; it displayed some of the most brilliant, exact, exquisite execution imaginable; but too many of the fine finger tricks for an honest tone-poem. The *Banjo* is a humorously close imitation of the vulgar original; good enough for a joke. "*Ojos Criollos*," too, for four hands, might be all well enough in its way, did not its author in a note coolly place it on a level with Chopin.

"In this *morcea*, which is entirely original, the author has endeavored to convey an idea of the singular rhythm and charming characters of the music which exists among the Creoles of the Spanish Antilles.—Chopin, it is well known, transferred the national traits of Poland to his Mazurkas and Polonaises, and Mr. Gottschalk has endeavored to reproduce in works of an appropriate character the characteristic traits of the Dances of the West Indies."

It is after all only a freak, more loud and bright than beautiful, and splashes saucy sunshine in your eyes by rioting upon the highest octaves; this artist is exceedingly partial to the *piccolo*. Two pieces played in the *Matinée*, for violin and piano, and composed by Gottschalk, had dignity of character, and large sonority, impressing us somewhat like similar works by Ernst and others, without being particularly original or free from monotony; they were called "*Meditation Religieuse*" and "*Romance Dramatique*."

And now we come to arrangements, transcriptions &c., in mere pretending form. The first was simply abominable in an artistic view and as an arrangement; it was the "*William Tell*" overture, for two pianos. It consisted of an ordinary piano arrangement, played, with certain omissions before agreed upon, &c., by our excellent pianist, Mr. LANG (we pity him), while the arranger, at his more brilliant instrument, piled upon it such *tours de force* as served to illustrate his own virtuosity rather than the overture, now trilling and twiddling, with senseless, painful repetition, in those *piccolo* octaves, now startling by a tremendous rush upon the lowest bass,—and this was the "*arrangement*!" That there were beautiful and telling passages, here and there, we do not deny; but is not such a thing a caricature? The *Miserere* transcription was interesting for the peculiar effect we have before mentioned, for the fine way in which the melody was made to sing itself, and indeed for the emphonic character of the whole piece.—The *Fantasia* on themes from *La Favorita* was not much unlike Thalberg's models in that kind, and inspired the same sort of interest, if not in an equal, at least in a high degree.

And how does he render the great masters? Does he seem to love them as an artist soul, with whatever new or wayward tendencies of its own, naturally would? Not, if we are to judge from his so very seldom seeming attracted to the task of interpreting them. But he has played a Sonata-duo of Mozart, with Mr. EICHBERG, who plays always admirably, and judging from that, we are sure he is competent enough to play such music finely and artistically: there was clean, finished execution, good expression, and no nonsense; we have heard others whose interpretation would please us quite as well, to say the least: but we were glad to hear this from him. Two well known Preludes of Chopin were rendered finely, beautifully in one sense; and yet we have heard them, from more than one player, when we have more warmed to Chopin, and more felt the poetry, the dreaminess, the fine aroma. The Chopin "*Funeral March*" we did not hear.

These are mere notes of detailed impressions, and not a complete judgment; we are still open to evidence. And we must close, for the present, with simply mentioning the additional interest which Mr. Gottschalk's concerts have received from the valuable assistance of Mr. EICHBERG and Mr. LANG, and from such promising vocalists as Mrs. MOTTE (formerly Miss Washburn), Miss CALISTE HUNTLEY and Miss GRANGER.

"ORPHEUS."—Our tuneful German friends, in their genial, social way, gave their first Musical Soirée to a crowd of invited guests, at Chickering's Rooms, on Wednesday evening. They sang two noble choruses by Schubert: the Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd," and "*Nachtgesang im Walde*" (night song in the forest). These alone were worth going some way to hear. Also part-songs by Mendelssohn; two charming *Völkchen* by Sileher ("*Loreley*" and "*Abschied*"); and for a finale two droll, grotesque choruses by Appel ("*Was hat er gesagt?*" and "the Spinning wheel," which gave vast amusement. Mr. KREISSMAN sang beautifully three of the Franz songs, viz., Goethe's "*Rastlose Liebe*," the "*Schlummerlied*," and "*Die Hurrende*." Mr. LANGERFELD sang Mendelssohn's "*Es ist bestimmt im Gottes Rath*" and "*Hunting Song*," with much acceptance; and Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER sang a bass air by Ferdinand Hiller (from his opera "*The Christmas Dream*"), which, with its fine accompaniment, so delighted everybody, that it had to be repeated. All the accompaniments were played as only Mr. DRESEL plays them, who also contributed an exquisite piano solo—Liszt's transcription of Weber's "*Slumber Song*."

MR. CARL ZERRAHN'S Card speaks for itself. We have few teachers of music so experienced and capable. Those who seek instruction on the piano, or the flute, or in singing in classes, will do well to go to him. His plan of flute and piano readings opens an easy access to some acquaintance with operas and other larger compositions. Mr. Zerrahn may be found at the music store of Oliver Ditson & Co. every Wednesday and Saturday from 10 to 11.

The "*Italian Opera*" came last week and went. Its managers did not seem to think well enough of their own enterprise to wish everybody to witness it.

We are glad to assure our readers that Mr. J. K. PAINE proposes soon to commence a series of Organ concerts.

## Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—We take some passages from the London *Musical World's* lively correspondent, (September 15).

The Friedrich-Wilhelm-städtisches Theatre was crammed in every nook and corner the other evening, to witness the first appearance, this season, of Herr Wachtel, as Chapelon, in *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*. This gentleman had already created a great sensation in the part last year. The fact is, he really possesses a voice, and that is saying a great deal, when we bear in mind the vocal powers of too many of our tenors at the present day. However people disagree here on other matters, they agree, at any rate, on one point, namely, that Herr Wachtel is one of the finest histrionic vocalists on the German stage. On his



entrance, he was nearly overwhelmed by a shower of bouquets and flowers, flung from all parts of the house, while the orchestra brayed out a fanfaer, or "Tusch," as the Germans call it—an honor which I never knew paid to any other artist. It is rather late in the day to enter into a detailed criticism of his Chapelon. I will, therefore, content myself with observing that it was as attractive as ever; that the singing was perfect, and the acting full of spirit and intelligence; indeed, everything that could be desired. Herr Wachtel was called on—well, I hardly dare tell you how many times in the course of the evening. According to report, he will repeat the character twice or thrice, and then appear in several others. The remaining parts were filled up in the same way as last year. Mlle. Unger was a charming Madeline, and Herr Schindler a most diverting Marquis. The orchestra and chorus seconded the principal singers with laudable spirit and precision.

At the Royal Opera House, a young lady of the name of Mlle. Voggenhuber-Vilma, has made her first courtsey before a Berlin audience, and promises to become a really valuable addition to the company, as far as it is possible to judge from hearing her only once. She is an importation from the Theatre at Pesth. The part she selected for her debut, was that of Recha—or Rachel—in Halévy's *Juive*. She possesses, beyond a doubt, considerable natural powers. Her voice is a rich and sonorous mezzo-soprano, of a noble and sympathetic character, at once enlisting the audience in its favor. In addition to this, it is distinguished by that versatility which enables it to mirror correctly every phase of feeling. Its compass is considerable. Mlle. Voggenhuber-Vilma does not, it is true, always employ her natural gifts in an artistic manner. For instance, she indulges in a very strong *tremolo*—especially in the recitative—which becomes, in the long run, exceedingly disagreeable.

Mlle. Voggenhuber-Vilma has youth and personal appearance in her favor. The audience seemed to like her more and more every successive scene, so that, at the fall of the curtain, she had produced an impression on which she has every reason to congratulate herself. Herr Formes, who played Eleazar, was welcomed with long and continuous applause at his entrance. The part is one of the best in his repertory. His voice seemed to have gained fresh strength, sounding remarkably fresh and full. Herr Fricke was especially good as the Cardinal, a part he has made quite his own upon these boards. To Mlle. Marcon, from the Königsberg Theatre, was allotted the character of the Princess Eudora, but as in all probability she will never play or sing it again at the Royal Opera House at Berlin—the neither played nor sang it on the occasion to which I am referring.

The following will be the cast of M. Gonnod's *Faust*. Faust, Herr Woworsky; Mephistopheles, Herr Solomon; Gretchen, Mlle. Luca; Valentin, Herr Robinson; Sybel, Mlle. de Ahna; Martha, Mlle. Gey; and Brandor, Herr Bost.—Mlle. Artôt is engaged for three months. She will appear late in the autumn, or, if you prefer it, early in the winter; some time about November, I suppose. She will sing in German, which language she has been studying assiduously, for a considerable period.—Taglioni's new ballet: *Die Sterne*, will be produced about the same time, namely: November, since the talented *maître de ballet* will profit by his leave of absence, which begins in December, to be off to Milan, and superintend the rehearsals of his *Ballanda*.

At the Friedrich-Wilhelm-städtisches Theatre, Herr Wachtel still continues his successful sway, indeed, say, his triumphant career. After charming the public by his Chapelon in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, he has been delighting them by his impersonation of the hero of Herr von Flotow's *Stradella*. . . . The hymn in the last act was magnificently given, and brought the house down in fine style. Mlle. Unger was excellent and graceful as ever, in the part of Leonore. She possesses a talent *hors de ligne*, for what are here termed *Spieleopern*—play operas, *gallicé*: opéras-comiques, and it is a great pity that she has not more frequent opportunities of exhibiting that talent. The two Bravos were ably represented by Herren Leinauer and Brenner. According to report, the next characters in which Herr Wachtel will appear, are the bandit-chief, in *Fra Diavolo*, and Count Almariva in *Il Barbiere*.

**GRAND FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF HERR CORNELIUS, IN DUSSELDORF.**—Düsseldorf has just been the scene of a most interesting festival, which was given by the Artists' Union "Malkasten" (Paintbox), and which lasted two days. Peter Von Cornelius, the most celebrated of Düsseldorf's sons, was the person in whose honor the festival was held. It may easily be imagined how greatly the few friends of his youth, still alive, as well as the youngest artist in the place, were rejoiced to see him. Since the

year 1825, when his royal friend, Ludwig I. of Bavaria, summoned him from Düsseldorf to carry out so many grand works at Munich, where he was appointed Director of the Royal Academy, he had only visited the town once. This merely served to increase the satisfaction universally felt at greeting him again, accompanied by a young wife.

Immediately on the celebrated artist's arrival, the Chief-Burgomaster, Herr Hammers, at the head of a deputation from the Stadt Collegium, proceeded to the residence of Professor Achenbach, where Herr Cornelius had taken up his quarters. The worthy Burgomaster then informed him that he had been made an honorary citizen of Düsseldorf, his native city, which always honored arts and artists. Herr Friedrichs, as president of the Artists' Union, expressed his concurrence with the sentiments conveyed through the mouth of the Chief-Burgomaster, by the town, which had now associated the prince of art with the two princes of the blood royal, who had hitherto been the only honorary citizens, and expressed a fervent hope that heaven would long preserve him in the enjoyment of every earthly happiness. In the evening, a specially written prologue, in honor of the newly elected citizen, was spoken at the Vaudeville Theatre. At a later hour, there was a brilliant party at Herr Achenbach's.

On the following evening, the Festival got up by the Artists' Union took place. The proceedings commenced with a grand dinner, at which more than four hundred ladies and gentlemen—among the latter the Chief-Burgomaster, the principal civic dignitaries, and the most notable persons in the town itself and the neighborhood—were present. After a number of toasts had been enthusiastically drunk, the committee of the Artists' Union "Malkasten" presented their honored guest with his diploma as an honorary member of that Society. As soon as it began to grow dark, the company proceeded to the Jacobischer Garden, close at hand, and the property of the Society. Under the majestic trees, the festival now assumed a more fantastic character. In the first place, an appropriate piece, written for the occasion by K. Niels, was performed upon the terrace, the latter being illuminated as though by magic. The interlocutors, Dante and Faust, personified the religious and historical tendencies of the great artist, in his professional efforts. In the course of the dialogue, which was eminently poetical, the author had introduced, with appropriate accompanying music, large transparencies, representing "Mary with the child," in the Ludwig Church, at Munich, and "Siegfried," from the *Nibelungen*, so that, when, at the conclusion of the scene, Dante, taking off the laurel wreath from his own head, laid it at the feet of Faust, and the latter, picking it up, crowned Cornelius with it, the audience broke out into long and universal applause.

Faust then exerted his magic power once more, and pronounced the following command:

"Frisch auf denn, Feen Melodie,  
Dass selbst Ausoniens Wohlant überhöre  
Der deutschen Tonkunst reich're Harmonie!—  
Schall! Bürgergruss und Künstlerruf zum Schluss:  
Hoch Düsseldorf's Cornelius!"

Suddenly, over the grass plots and amid the bushes of the park, there appeared numberless colored lights, while gnomes and imps, gamboling and frisking about, endeavored to catch the fairy elves who glided in fantastic dances, over the thickets. This indescribable scene was accompanied by Mendelssohn's charming music to *A Midsummer Nights Dream*, the musicians being invisible. The lights now disappeared, one by one; red and green Bengal fires threw their magic brilliancy, from time to time, over the groups of trees; rockets shot hissing, in fiery rivalry towards the sky, and then the goblin doings were at an end. The spectator thought he must have been dreaming some fairy tale.

A festive march was next heard, and there issued from behind the bushes a long line of individuals, in strange costumes of various hues. They wound slowly along the walks in the park, and formed a sight highly entertaining to the hero of the evening. At one moment, the procession was mirrored on the still surface of the lake; at another, it was bathed in the dazzling purple of artificial light; then it vanished behind the clumps of trees, and then again it suddenly reappeared in the open; in a word, the charming variety of aspect under which it was viewed produced a deep impression upon every spectator. These torch-bearers, moreover, accompanied their honored guest to his lodgings, but returned themselves to the terrace, for they did not forget that the day was the fourteenth anniversary of the foundation of the "Malkasten."—*Vienna Recensionen*.

\* "Quick! arise, ye fairy melodies, so that the richer harmonies of German music may drown even the soft strains of Ausonia. Let burghers and artists finally exclaim, Hail to Düsseldorf's Cornelius!"

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